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Associated Students of Eastern Washington University

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The Easterner

Eastern Washington University

Vol. 51, Issue 26

May 4, 2000



As if you need another reason to throw a party—read about the Kentucky Derby on Pg. 8.

Racist graffiti found in L.A. Hall; student arrested

University community gets up in arms

Steven J. Barry
Student Life Editor

Racist graffiti and vandalism found in Louise Anderson Hall during the early morning hours of April 29 has sparked a vehement response from various groups and officials on campus.

University President Stephen Jordan, expressed his concern over the matter.

"We find this sort of behavior harmful to the entire community and totally outside the bounds of the civil discourse we promote at the university," said Jordan. "This is reprehensible, particularly since so many Eastern faculty, students and staff just participated in

the Spokane Congress on Race Relations and are preparing to observe Cinco de Mayo and other events that celebrate diversity and build unity in our community. Eastern Washington University is not a place where we will tolerate hate."

Nancy Nelson, director of the African-American education program, said she was very disturbed by the matter.

"I'm pretty shaken. I know those thoughts and sentiments are alive, but to actually see it in practice is disturbing. I can't believe that people hate. This is one life—the only life we have; I don't see why people have to hate."

Nelson said the AAEP will be holding a session today at 6:00 p.m. in Patterson Hall, room 151, to discuss the issue with students. She said Peter Dual, vice provost of academic affairs, will attend the meeting to discuss "the universities' commitment to diversity

and absolute intolerance for such behavior."

The AAEP will be working with the Women's Studies Program Center, the Cultural Diversity Task Force and other groups to help the Critical Incident Debriefing Team of Eastern's Counseling Center to develop a response to the incident.

The graffiti, found on doors, walls and in a stairwell at L.A. Hall, was extremely vulgar in nature, and included various racial epithets and graphic sexual drawings, said L.A. Hall employee and resident Nancy Adame, who found some graffiti on her door.

"I was just shocked," said Adame. "I think it was really immature; I can't believe people would still do [something like] that."

Adame also said the graffiti appeared to be placed randomly.

The alleged perpetrators are Scott C.

Smith, 22, an Eastern student who lives off campus, and William D. Lorenson, 21, a friend of his visiting from Seattle. The two were arrested outside the building and were charged by university police with malicious harassment—a felony—and criminal trespass—a gross misdemeanor. They were charged by Cheney police with first degree malicious mischief for allegedly walking on the trunks, hoods and roofs of five vehicles and for striking and denting two of the vehicles by throwing beer cans.

According to university police, if convicted, the two could face 90 days in jail and a \$1,000 fine for second degree criminal trespass, up to four years in jail and a fine for malicious mischief and between six months and six years in prison and a fine for malicious harassment.

Smith, who also faces the disciplinary action from the university, refused to comment at all on the matter.

Eastern's KEWU has the corner on area jazz market

Kellie McNeil
Easterner Reporter

For 50 years Eastern Washington University has enjoyed the smooth sounds of its on campus radio station, Jazz 89.5 KEWU-FM. KEWU, formally KEWC, is the only full-time jazz station in the Inland Northwest.

"There's a huge jazz following in the inland northwest and we're able to bring that type of music to them [audience]," said Brandon Kerr, program and music director for KEWU radio.

Over the past 50 years, KEWU has undergone format changes, transmitter power changes and even a name change. On April 7, 1950, KEWC aired for the first time. Up until 1986, KEWC aired a variety of musical styles ranging from rock to jazz. Then in 1986, the station's format changed to all-jazz due to the boosted transmitter power from 10 watts to 10,000 watts. The station then changed its name to KEWU.

According to Kerr, KEWU could not survive if it wasn't

for a community of volunteers. The station used to be completely funded by EWU, however, budget cuts have forced KEWU to look towards the generosity of others for funding. Several times every year Jazz 89.5 holds pledge festivals to raise money. EWU fraternities and sororities join with the local chapters of the Rotary Club, the Lions Club and volunteers from the community to help out the station by answering phones during these pledge festivals.

"That's just basically a way to make sure that we keep broadcasting," Kerr said.

KEWU is used as a promotional tool. They promote EWU events and local jazz festivals like the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival and the Spokane Falls Community College Jazz Festival.

"It's a huge promotional tool. We advertise Eastern events, whether they be athletic, whether they be dealing with the arts. So it gives people kind of an idea of what's going on here at Eastern when they listen to our station. That creates a good feeling in listeners' minds about

Eastern Washington University," said Kerr.

Jazz 89.5 is also a training tool for the Electronic Media and Film majors and minors who run KEWU.

"I want the station to continue to be a tool for students to learn the business [and] to learn broadcasting," said Kerr.

KEWU has a variety of programs ranging from Swing to Jazz from around the world. Two of the main highlights are the "Women of Jazz" and "Big Band and Swing." "Women of Jazz" is on Sundays from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.. Its highlights include Diana Crawl and Billy Holiday. "Big Band and Swing" is on Saturdays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. This show features retro-swing and the big bands.

"I think we sound hipper. I don't think the students here on campus realize some of the music we play. We play some big band and swing, especially Retro. You'll hear periodically The Big Bad Voodoo Daddies and Squirrel Nut Zippers," said Kerr.



Maggie Miller/Easterner

Professor Jane Lane teaches respect for math

Seth Swift
Easterner Reporter

Ever wonder what the world would be like without math?

Ask Professor Jane Lane, an instructor in the math department, and she will tell you, "There would be no world without math. Everything is governed by math."

Lane, in her second year at Eastern Washington University, exudes a profound respect and admiration for math in general. She instructs a base of remedial courses with teaching math in elementary schools as her specialty.

"I like the learning involved and making a difference. I also like the daily interaction with students and watching students understand math that normally haven't before. The disciplines you get from school are helpful in life."

She wasn't always a teacher, however, and hadn't always wanted to be one either. It wasn't until she began teaching high school in Centerville, Mont., six years ago that she began to grow into her love of teaching. Now, she says there is nothing else that she wants to do.

In fact, the orderliness of math

attracted Lane to it in the first place. "It adds order and beauty to the world. Math makes sense." Geometry is her favorite discipline in math. "There are so many concrete applications for it. You can feel a cube. You can build a pyramid. There are so many kinds of applications for geometry too."

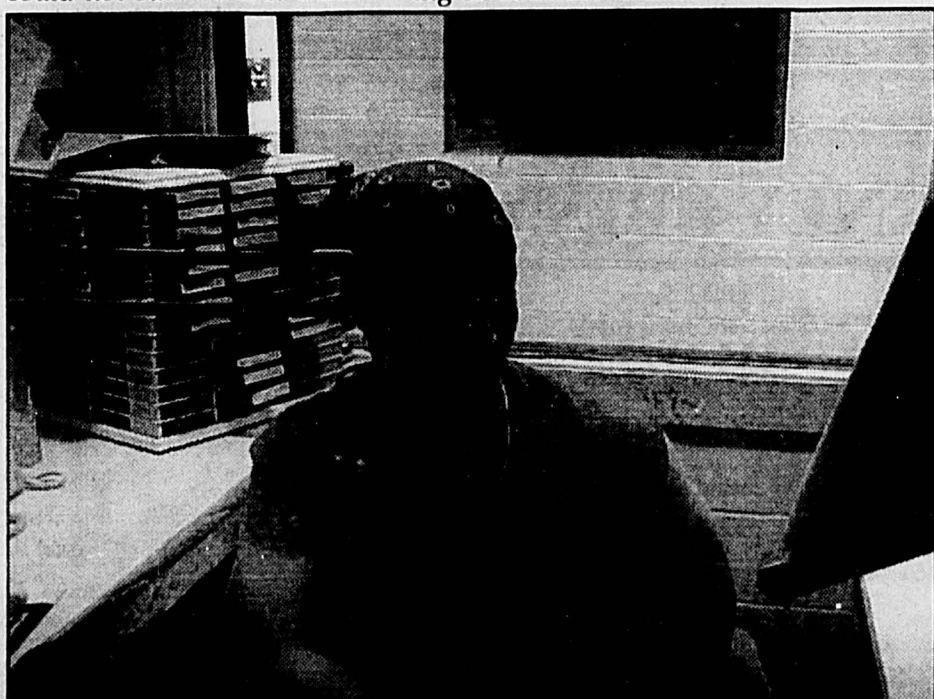
Lane also has a few theories on how students who have troubles with math, like many of us out there, can learn, retain and enjoy math.

The first way she described is developing "a math community," such as a study group or "just people to talk with about math." Lane also said that students need to make time to go over math on their own. "They

can't rely just on class time because the speed of math classes, especially at the university level, is so quick."

She continued on, "[Students] have to be proactive about getting help. A lot of them treat learning math like people going on a diet, they keep expecting the pounds to disappear on their own. With math, they keep expecting to suddenly get the concepts and things without putting the essential work into it."

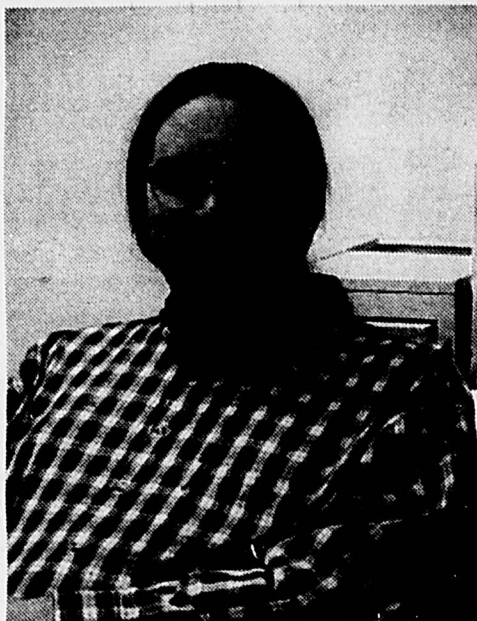
See Lane, Pg. 3



◀ Mikey Herrell is a DJ at KEWU, the only full-time jazz station in the Inland Northwest. KEWU has been broadcasting at Eastern for the past 50 years.

Maggie Miller/Easterner

Khalil Islam goes from troubled teen to trouble terminator



▲ Khalil Islam has dedicated his life to diversity issues and helping others.

Jennifer Harrington
Assistant Editor

Eastern Washington University's assistant to the dean of students, and judicial affairs officer, Khalil Islam grew up in Tacoma Washington as a self described "trouble kid."

"Both my sister and I—we were bad."

Islam went through the first part of his life, with no goals, and no direction. He didn't know where he was going. Islam wasn't expected to finish high school, but he did for the sole purpose that he wanted to join the military.

When the time came, however, his mom talked him out of this endeavor, offering to pay for his school if he would go to college instead.

Khalil's father left when he was very young, so he grew up with his sister and his single mom Paula, until she got remarried when Khalil was about 12 years old.

Islam said one of the great turning points in his childhood was having his mom get married. With all the trouble he and his sister gave her, he felt she deserved to have someone to take care of her.

"To have my mom be in a good positive relationship was a key thing in my life—seeing [her] with someone who treated her well and loved her unconditionally."

Even after enrolling at Pierce Community College in 1990, Islam still didn't know what he might do with himself. In 1992, he transferred from the Tacoma based community college to Eastern.

There were two life-altering events in his life that followed shortly after his signing up for college.

First of all, he took a swimming class. This may seem simple enough, but this swimming class led him to take a lifeguarding class, and in turn get his lifeguard certification. This gave him a goal and something besides the military to focus on.

"Before I ended up as a lifeguard I was either going to go into the military, or end up on the streets."

The other event that changed Islam's life, was his conversion to the religion of Islam. The religion had been in his ancestry for years, but when he was 19, he went into the Islamic Center of Tacoma for a paper he was writing for a class. He described it as a "wow" experience.

"I was going through a great time of spiritual need. As far as what met my needs, Christianity didn't," Islam said. "I went into this mosque and although it was gender segregated, it was very diverse."

At the time he converted, the gender segregation really didn't concern him too much, but as he has grown older and re-evaluated his beliefs, it has become a problem for him. Still, for Islam this aspect of the religion is far outweighed by the positive ones.

Islam was really impressed by the "racial integration" of the Islamic religion. "You'll see Muslims from all over the

world," he said. "All the churches I had gone to had been segregated either by race, or language, or some other barrier."

Islam currently attends the Unitarian Universalists Church in Spokane. It is not an Islamic mosque, but rather a "non-creedal church, affirmative of all walks of life." It is based in the Jewish-Christian faith, but is attended by people who identify themselves as Jewish, Christian, Pagan, Buddhist and Muslim, along with any other line of belief.

Islam said he still identifies himself as Muslim, but was really impressed by the universalists, partially because of their diversity, along with their political activism and community involvement.

"I'm not going to walk in there and have anyone try and convert me. I really enjoy that."

Diversity is very important to Islam, who has worked on both the campaign for No! On I-200, the initiative to abolish affirmative action, and the No! On Discrimination campaign, which created the first Spokane city law prohibiting discrimination against homosexuals. He has also been a member of Eastern's Cultural Diversity Task Force and the Spokane Human Rights commission, and has been an advocate for the Spokane Sexual Assault Center.

"Social justice and social diversity are very important. Being involved in these issues helps me live my mission in life."

It wasn't too long ago that Islam found that mission. He transferred to Eastern from Pierce to get a degree in liberal studies with an emphasis on English and education. Islam soon realized, however, that teaching wasn't for him.

"Once I realized I wasn't going to be teaching in the classroom, I didn't know what I was going to do."

Once again, Islam found himself without a direction. Then, he got a job with an

organization in Spokane called Youth Family Adult Corrections, where he was working with kids from troubled homes, and their families. This experience changed his whole direction in life.

"At first it was just a job. It turned into a passion."

Islam said, at least subliminally, this had something to do with his background as a "trouble" kid. More than anything, going into the social services became a "passion" for the simple reason that he could relate to what the kids were going through, allowing him to better help them.

Islam graduated in June of 1996 with his Bachelor of Arts degree, and continued to work for YFAC. In 1997 he received a call from Matt Chase, Eastern's dean of students. When Islam was a student, Chase had been

working in the Outdoor Program as an advisor, they had gotten to know each other while Islam was working in student government. Chase wanted to hire him as the advisor for student organizations. So, Islam made his way back to Eastern.

Over the past few years, Islam has made his way from advising student organizations to his current position with the department of student life, assisting Chase and taking care of judicial affairs. As part of this job, Islam works with students who are accused of breaking the student conduct code. He investigates and tries to decide whether to send the case to the university disciplinary committee. Islam was the chair of the committee for two years before getting his current position.

"We make people accountable, but we do it in such a way as to allow them to continue to be successful academically."

Islam finds a certain amount of irony in his current position. "I grew up as a kid who got into a lot of trouble. Now my job is to work with people who get into trouble here on campus."

"I was either going to end up in the military, or on the streets."

Khalil Islam
assistant to the dean
and judicial affairs officer

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Tea party to bring charity H.O.M.E.

Jeff Thaxton
Easterner Reporter

A tea party is being held tonight at the Rose Garden by the H.O.M.E. (Helping Ourselves Means Education) program. The Rose Garden is located in front of Senior Hall with the tea party scheduled from 3:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. The party is being held to "benefit EWU child care scholarships," said Sally Winkle, director of Women's Studies at Eastern and a member of H.O.M.E.

H.O.M.E. is a program that was set up in the late 1980s to help low income parents pay for their college education.

Counseling and childcare services are provided by the pro-

gram as well as help with housing and other finances. The H.O.M.E. program at Eastern is the only successful program of its kind on a college campus in the United States, according to H.O.M.E. literature.

"Our goal is to raise as much or more money than we did last year," said Winkle.

Over \$1,000 was donated during the inaugural tea party event last year by students, faculty, and staff and "was a great success," said Winkle.

Carol Vines, also a member of H.O.M.E., said there is "a suggested donation of \$20 at the door for students and \$25 for non students," but she later retracted that statement to say the price is now mandatory. Checks can be made payable to EWU H.O.M.E.

scholarship foundation. Included in this price, attendees will be able to enjoy a British high tea, sandwiches and scones.

"There will also be music played by the EWU String Quartet," said Winkle. The group features Angela Shen, a world class Ehru player. This is H.O.M.E.'s main source of financial support. In the past, H.O.M.E. had silent auctions as a means of fundraising, but chose not to conduct one this year.

A large number of sponsors and volunteers made the event possible, including the H.O.M.E. Advisory Board, Dr. Steven and Ruthie Jordan, the EWU music department, volunteers from the Spokane Unitarian Universalist Church Family Empowerment Project and Chet's Flowers.

"Our goal is to raise as much or more money than we did last year."

Sally Winkle
Director of
Women's Studies

To the campus community:

I am requesting that supervisors allow their employees one hour of release time between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. Thursday, May 4, so that they may attend "A Tea in the Rose Garden."

The event benefits the HOME (Helping Ourselves Means Education) Childcare Scholarship Fund. It will take place in the EWU rose garden between Showalter and Senior halls. Music will be provided by the EWU String Quartet featuring world class Ehru player Angela Shen.

Tickets are \$20 for EWU students and \$25 for non-students.

To make a reservation, send a check payable to the EWU HOME Scholarship Foundation to the President's office, MS 130. Donations are tax deductible.

Thank you,

Stephen M. Jordan, Ph.D.
President

Lane: Teacher strives to pass her life passion on to students

"The level of thinking required in math is different from other disciplines," said Lane.

"You can't just learn the rules and copy the instructor; you have to understand the thinking behind the rules. You have to know the concept to understand the procedure." This, and some students' lack of commitment, are the reasons why she believes so many students fail math.

In addition to her work in the strata of school, Lane is a wife and the mother of three children in college, the youngest of which is a freshman at Eastern. Her husband is a pediatric nurse practitioner.

Lane brings math into her everyday life away from school too, which, for some, might constitute one long nightmare, but for her is pleasing. She "thinks in math". "I don't see a triangle," she said, "without thinking of the Pythagorean Theorem, I can't

look at a map without noting the coordinating axes."

The one thing that Lane wants people to know her by is, "math is secondary. The truth is the most important to me. And really," she added, "in a way math is like telling the truth."

Ever wanted to ask a math teacher, "When am I ever gonna use this crap in real life anyway?" This reporter got to, and the question elicited a good laugh.

"That's the most common question a math teacher is asked," she said laughing. Then she paused for a moment, adding brevity to her reply. "The best answer is, thinking skills in math really do prepare people for life, (in that it fosters) general comprehending and logic skills. (The comprehension of) it adds beauty to the world, because you can see the world's structure."

In this, Jane Lane was telling the truth.



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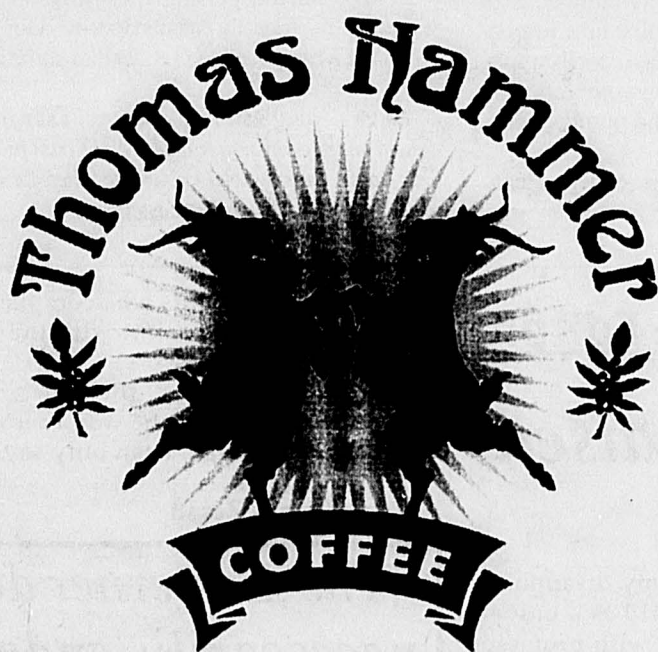
As an occupational therapist, you'll work with people experiencing health problems such as stroke, spinal cord injuries, cancer, congenital conditions, sports-related injuries, developmental disabilities, and mental illness in a wide range of practice settings. These include hospitals, Head Start programs, home health agencies, rehabilitation clinics, mental health centers, colleges and universities, and schools.

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Strange Days Indeed

by Darren Beal

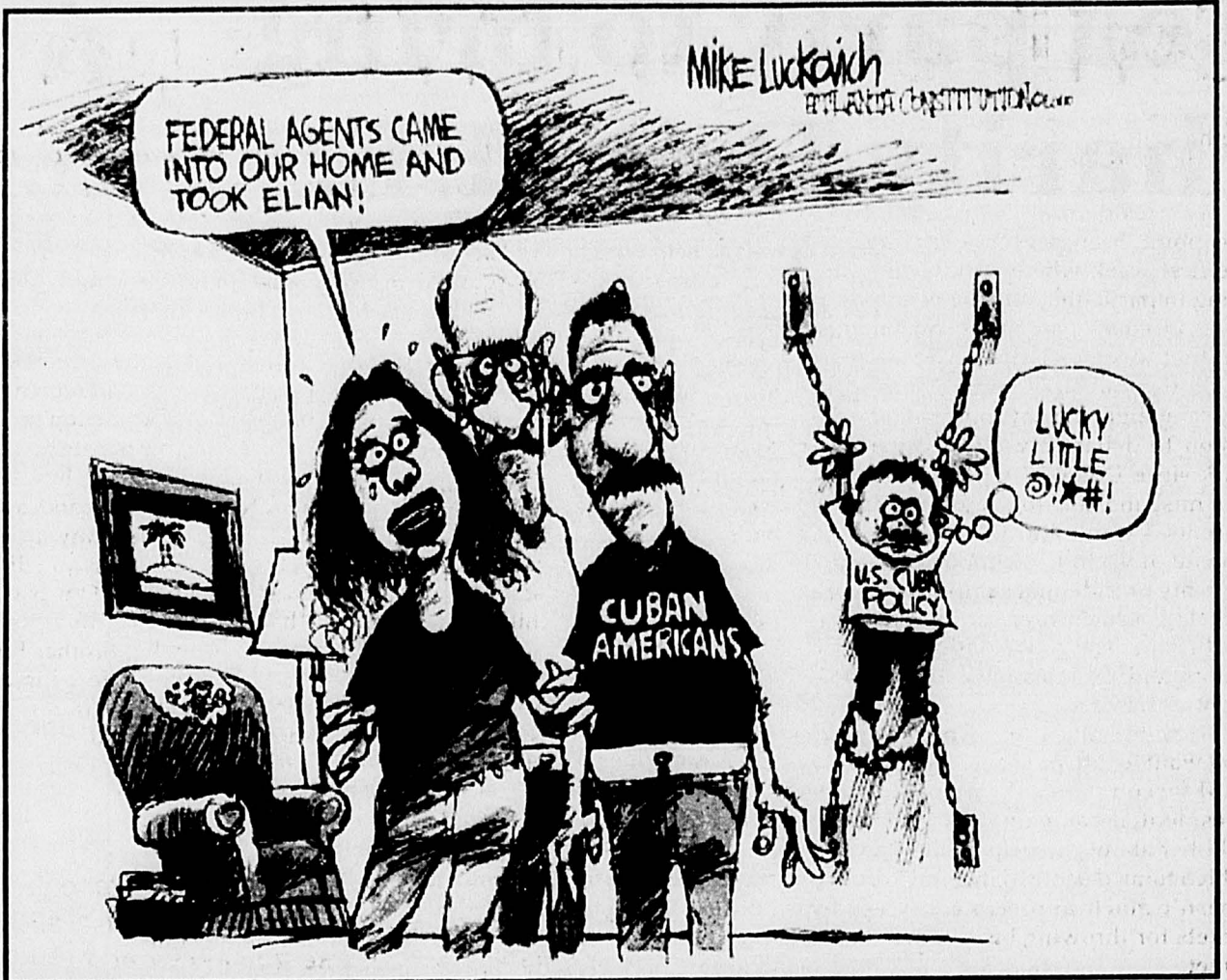
The census: no consensus

It used to be there were only two things you had to do: death and taxes. Now there's three. Strange how taxes and the new census form were both due on the same day. This column is about two of these three things. And death isn't one of them.

Just when you thought the federal government knew everything about you they could possibly know, just when you've mailed in your form 1040EZ, or form 1040A, or just plain form 1040, just when you've figured out how to turn nearly \$2700 in EWU tuition into a \$1.78 tax break, Big Brother (and I don't mean my big brother, who's alive and well in California) nails you with some very, very personal questions.

Like if you have running water in your kitchen. Or a functional bathroom. Or, God forbid, if you have anyone you support, like a senile parent, an indigent child (misbegotten by some nameless cousin in the Tri-Cities), or perhaps a vegetative writer, brain dead from too many trips to the local pharmacist on Sprague, whose main reason for being on life support is your guilt ridden tax break.

But then, after delaying filling out your tax form (because you're not expecting a refund you may as well wait until the very, very last day) you get a friendly looking package in the mail labeled *US Census Bureau* (or some such nonsense written in a big, friendly font on the return address) and you set it aside, in the same pile with your 1999 tax form, your W-2s, and the keys to the gym locker you used in 1997 when you



took that PHED class everyone signs up for.

These are the mistakes that I made: Come April 15, I had a perfectly reasonable day ahead of me: sleep in, walk the dog, check out the World Party on campus and say 'hi' to my foreign neighbors (respectively Canadian and Chinese — don't ask why Canadians are considered foreigners).

But then I realized that April 15 is Tax Day, a ritual more universal than even the death penalty at the Walla Walla State Penitentiary. After a quick (read 8) hours of addition, subtraction, more addition, a bit of long-hand division, at trip to the post office to pick up more forms, three or four trips to the bathroom, a walk to the park with the German Shepherd, some frantic phone calls, more parks, more bathrooms, more forms, some multiplication, and a little weeping, I zipped that little bastard into an envelope (the government doesn't give you a postage-paid one) peeled off one of those new lickless stamps and shoved the shameless thing into the nearest postal drop box.

It was then that I learned two things which did not change my life: first, my tax form was sent not only 45 minutes early, but, because of the weekend, didn't need to be postmarked until April 17, leaving me plenty of time to contemplate my debt to society.

Second, and most ominously, the pile of bills, nonsense, and doggie stuff that the tax forms had been buried in had allowed to surface a little government document that I had totally forgotten about and probably repressed: I knew I was in trouble when a quick scan revealed not just one, but two, semi-colons in the directions. Yes, The Government wanted to know about my bathroom, my kitchen and my plumbing. It was the year 2000 Census. The big one. Twenty-eight pages.

When I opened up this little parcel, it seemed innocuous enough. Page One: name and social security number. Page Two: address, year of birth, race (for the first time respondents could choose from more than one race — for example, Aborigines who were raised as Hassidic Jews or North Dakotans who wear their hats backwards) and number of dependents.

Page Three (more or less) asked for names of dependents. There was no category named 'dog.'

None either for 'German Shepherd.'

Not even one for 'pet.'

But my dog is every bit as much a dependent as any of the hypothetical 'tax breaks' many people claim. So, I couldn't claim her on my tax form. Why, at least, couldn't the federal government take into consideration the time and money (lots) that I spend for her welfare?

Could she not be considered, as either Dennis Miller or Bill Maher once (half) jokingly said, "a Canine American?"

Apparently not. The feds are more interested in my plumbing and how much money I owe in back taxes. (The \$1.78 tax credit will go a long, long way towards the taxes I owe from when I served my community in AmeriCorps three years ago. The \$700 "stipend" I received and the \$4500 in tuition money were, and are, taxed. I still owe.)

But the year 2000 Census (remember, this is the long one that only very, very bad people who have pissed off the federal government, such as tax dodgers and Easterner editors get), had more and more personal and humiliating questions in store.

"Are you now, or have you ever been, in a fraternity or sorority?"

"Do you know of any Canadians illegally harboring dog/cats/aborigines in your domicile?"

"Do you ever tape and watch three stooges movies?"

"Have you ever stiffed an STA bus driver for 75 cents?"

"Hey, have you ever had impure thoughts about Gillian Anderson? Or David Duchovney?"

"Do you have fantasies about Scully and Mulder having sex on the Grassy Noll?"

Well, I answered all of these questions truthfully, and zipped that one off to the nearest postal drop.

Then I started getting these mysterious notes from "Harold," the friendly census door-to-door guy.

That's when I realized I really had some explaining to do.

Editor's Note: Sometime columnist Darren Beal was recently sighted on the campaign trail of EWU's own presidential candidate Seth Swift. Anyone who knows the whereabouts of either should contact Raoul Duke c/o The Easterner.

The Easterner

'Letters' policy

Please type or print your letter, restricting it to 250 words. Include your full name, signature and telephone number for verification. We reserve the right not to publish letters, and all printed material is subject to editing. Letters must be received by Tuesday to be published in the following Thursday issue.

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Letters to the Editor

ITGS prof praised

Dear Editor,

I would simply like to express my disappointment at the decision to cut ITGS 310 as a university requirement. I took this class with professor Sisson in fall quarter of this past year.

I probably would not have taken this class if had not been required, but I am glad I did. I learned so much in this class. By far I would have to say that it is the best class I have taken.

I would like to thank professor Sisson for helping me realize the many things I use to take for granted. Indeed you have opened my eyes and I have learned to see the world through a different perspective.

To all of the students who complained about this class, perhaps you took it with the wrong professor (no offense professors).

To professor Sisson, through your class, you have forever changed the way I view life. For this enhanced knowledge, I can only say, "Thank you."

Lucia Ramos Zesati

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-- The Easterner Staff

Swift end to EWU's prez candidate

Seth Swift
Easterner Reporter

My presidential campaign has, to this point, been, with the exception of the first week where I didn't do anything in particular, one big disappointment. Of course, there were high points, but that was mostly the weed talking.

On the fourth Thursday morning of my campaign, the day following my decision to debate myself at Riverfront Park since Dukakis' wife wouldn't let her husband out to play, I called my parents. I wanted to see if they would donate any kind of fundage to cover both my presidential campaign and the tickets I seemed to incur at every step of the way. The conversation, after the hellos and updates on male stalkers, went as follows.

"Hey, uh, ma? I was wondering, do you want to, uh, put some money in my bank account to, uh, help fund my presidential campaign?" I hadn't yet told her about the tickets I had gotten, which totaled some \$1,115, because she doesn't much appreciate paying my tickets for throwing beer bottles in the street.

Mom made a sound like this as an answer. "Grxnallicalphooheehheeh!" Then, unable to control it any longer, she burst out in a gale of laughing. I heard my dad's voice in the background saying, "Who is it?" My mom told him it was me, and then told him what I was calling for. He made a sound like, "Preeheegeahhahaha!"

My parents continued laughing for awhile, despite my entreaties of, "Mom? Hey, mom? Is that a yes? Mom?" After about fifteen minutes I put the phone down and went and did a number two in my bathroom. When I came back out, one of my campaigners had the phone to his ear. "What are they laughing about? And, Jesus Christ, light a match," he told me. "I told them a funny joke, I guess," I replied, walking back to the bathroom and lighting a match unperturbed.

I hung the phone up after about an hour of listening to my parents laughing. I had more important things to do instead of listening to my parents enjoy a good gut-busting laugh at my expense, like running for and winning the presidency and planning my debate.

I can tell you one thing for sure, planning a debate with oneself is nearly impossible. Either way, you come out of the debate looking like the bad guy. For example, one side of me has to be for a bigger government that, essentially, is just a bunch of people who would be on welfare otherwise, while the other side of me has to be for a smaller, more

It was a long, hard, four week run for Easterner Reporter Seth Swift. But with a warrant out for his arrest, the cops closing in, his campaign staff (both of them) deserting him and his parents refusing to pay for more "election related expenses," the beleaguered candidate finally reached the end of his own private campaign trail.

efficient government. One side of me has to be for the legalization of marijuana, and, eventually, the rest of the drugs we treat as a police problem rather than a health problem (you don't see drunk people going to jail until their balls or boobs are old and wrinkly, they have a 12 step program to follow for their addiction, and smokers have the patch or Nicorette), while the other side of me has to be against the legalization of drugs.

Thinking under such a string of dichotomous arguments is hard. If you're not careful, you'll end up being either a republican, the worst thing in the

world, a democrat, the other worst thing in the world, or a

Hollywood movie star, the most worst thing in the world. Being a movie star, I should note, is way out of the question for me. You have to be pretty to be a movie star, and, when I was born, I was so ugly the doctors put me in an incubator with tinted windows.

So all I have to worry about is becoming a democrat or republican. However, that is neither here nor there. (What I really want to know is, how does a 'T' make here not here but there? It just doesn't make sense. If I say, "honey, I'm t'here," will she think I'm not actually here but there? If I'm there, am I just a 'T' away from here? Ouch! Let me stop this before I really start to think for a change!)

At about 5 of the clock (or o'clock, for you Irish people out there) I made my way to Riverfront Park. On the way to Riverfront Park I lost my campaign staff to a bar that was in the middle of happy hour because none of them were feeling very happy. When I met up with them two days later they said happy hour really did make them more happy, and I was happy to hear it.

However, for the once, I was happy and busy enough to go without a happy hour for the day. Instead, I set up my two (almost) podiums, put a big bottle of water that cost three dollars on each

of them, to make me look high class enough to be president, and began debating myself at the top of my lungs.

The effect my debate had on the passing pedestrians was glorious. With just about every twelve and a half words that spewed out of my mouth another person would stop and listen to the good me's ideas and the bad me's ideas. I had a good crowd by the time I was ready for my Big Brother finale.

I yelled that, before Big Brother was allowed to bully us into submission, we should sic Big Brother on himself and let all us little brothers (notice how you aren't supposed to capitalize little

"I had more important things to do instead of listening to my parents enjoy a good gut-busting laugh at my expense, like running for and winning the presidency and planning my debate [with myself]."

brother?) watch all the politicians and leaders (notice that you don't have to be a politician to be a leader?) that constitute Big Brother. By then my crowd must have been at least 400 strong.

When I came to a rest, my chest huffing and wheezing and begging for a cigarette, the crowd began to clap. I thought, *Good gods, I'm actually getting through to the bastards, before they all began throwing quarters.* A man came up and congratulated me on my performance.

"You ugly motherflappers!" I screamed at them, "That wasn't no performance!" I kept screaming and grew more derogatory with every word I spit. Finally, my debate ended with most everyone picking up their quarters, a few of which hit me and opened wounds, and the police arresting me on the grounds of swearing at and disturbing The Peace.

I didn't have the money to pay my bail, so I telephoned my parents to get me out with my one phone call. The phone was busy. My sister Destiny told me when I got out of jail and called two days later that my parents laughed for a whole day, that the phone was off the hook the whole time and she missed 18 calls, and what the hell did I say to them? I told her, and my little sister began to laugh in much the same way

as my parents. The phone was busy a couple more days.

On Monday I dropped out of the presidential race with a face so red hot that if lava had run over it, the lava would get burned, not my face. The morning before that, I called an old school friend of mine named Terry, who just so happened to be one of the few to graduate high school and have a steady job, and told him I was running for president. He asked me if I had registered to run yet.

"You have to register to run?" I screamed. He told me yes, and said it was a wonder I ever graduated high school in the first place, to which I had to concur or be a liar of the worst kind. One who would lie to his best friend or, as Lauren Hill would say, even god.

I went to the presidential registry office to register the next morning, and filled out the 42 page presidential application without a hitch, mostly because I've never committed a felony that stuck. I waited in the independent line, which, unlike the lines for democrats and republicans that had plush mahogany leather chairs to sit in, you had to stand in until your toenails fell off.

When my toenails fell off just before closing time a man behind a plexiglass window called my name. The man perused my application, laughing at it every now and then, and finished it looking at me with a bastards gleam in his eye.

"Can I see your ID?" he asked me finally. Of course, I was more than willing to comply with him, since I was 21 and could buy beer whenever I wanted, except from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. (which, consequently, are the hardest hours to stay up through in order to buy more beer). He looked at my ID smiling and put a big "Rejected" stamp on my application. Whoever says rejection doesn't hurt has never been thwarted in their run for the presidency.

The bastards grinning man, after he put the stamp on my application, told me, "See you in another 14 years." "What?" I asked him uncomprehendingly. He just smiled and shut his window. I started screaming and pounding on the window, calling him a bastards bastard and a lot of other not so righteous words that would make Mary Magdalene blush. Just as I was leaving the presidential registry with my police escort the man opened his window and called out, "You have to be 35 to run for president, you dick."

Like I said, lava is a tall glass of cold water compared to the heat that became inherent, then and probably forever, in my face.

Oh, Big Brother, I loved you so!

An afterthought by Former Candidate Seth Swift

As Big Brother continues to step higher and higher up on our heels, an increasing number of Americans are wondering what to do about their controlling Big Brother.

Ideas range from getting rid of him altogether or embracing Big Brother like one hasn't seen him in years and hoping the police state that emerges doesn't inconvenience them too much as their every move is recorded.

Personally, I totally welcome the idea of Big Brother. It sounds like a great idea. I liked my own big brother when I was growing up, so whose to say that this Big Brother won't be just as cool.

Yes, I'm totally accepting of the ever growing Big Brother, but only on two conditions.

The first condition is, before we let Big Brother impinge on our own lives and rights, we sick him on himself, namely the policy makers, congressmen, all their little underlings, the police, and the leaders of the armed forces.

Put cameras in all their bathrooms, bedrooms, living rooms, family rooms, cars, and anywhere else they may happen to be and see what they think about relinquishing their god given (haha) rights for the good of the country.

The second condition I have before I can accept the complete release of every right I was born into, however, has a condition of it's own.

Put our congressmen's lives on the internet and let all of our republic see what kind of men our country is run by. I'm willing to bet all takers right now with all the money in my pocket (twelve dollars) that three quarters of the incumbents would lose their job come the next election time.

Yes, Big Brother is the greatest idea that anyone has come up with since the Trojan Man with his cache of condoms.

Only, that is, if Big Brother is big brothered himself by all his little brothers.

The First Amendment

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech; or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

"If you're going to have a newspaper in your school, let it act like a newspaper."

-- John L. Allen Jr., Opinion Editor, National Catholic Reporter, 1998

A Heart of Gold



Thank goodness this movie review is not on page 5. The reason I say this is because *Novalee Nation*, played by Natalie Portman, has a fear of the number five. Her mother abandoned her when she was five; she has 55 stitches in her forehead from an accident, etc.

In the beginning of the movie, we watch a naive Novalee looking for a home and the love from those she wants to hold dear. After she bought some new shoes the price came to be \$5.55. She frantically searching the parking lot for her boyfriend but her boyfriend, Willy Jack, played by Dylan Bruno, left her behind.

Novalee is forced to live in a local Wal-Mart store for six weeks until she has her little baby, Americus Nation.

At the time Novalee arrives in the hospital from giving birth, she does not know that she will meet such a great friend in Lexi the nurse, played by Ashley Judd. Once, the media catches wind of the "Wal-Mart Baby" it makes Novalee a small town star.

Soon, Novalee meets up with Sister Husband, played by Stockard Channing, that mistakes her for someone else, but they soon become friends as she opens her home to Novalee. During all these difficulties and trials Novalee gains confidence and self-esteem, which she didn't have before. Towards the end of the movie, Novalee is not looking for a person's should that she can cry on any longer, because she has become that person.

"Where The Heart Is" is a story of a young woman's search for a loving home and she finds the home that she is looking for where the heart is. This script was too small for the big time actors it tried to contain. Ashley Judd and Natalie Portman added some much more to the script than what was there. Sally Fields' five-minute cameo appearance is a bit disappointing. From the commercials as seen on television, it appeared as though she has a bigger role in the movie. Dialogue is gripping and relevant for realistic portrayal of Novalee and Lexi.

Sister Husband is a source of wisdom and comic relief within a serious atmosphere. For example, Sister Husband, then saying grace, gives thanks for the food and new friend in Novalee, but she also prays for forgiveness for the fornication she and her man friend had on the table this morning. Overall, "Where The Heart Is," is a sensible dramatic representation of art imitating life. A definite must see.

Eastern environmental club making things happen

Jeff Thaxton
Easterner Reporter

The Eastern Environmental Club was founded at Eastern in 1995 with the intent of educating students and the community about environmental concerns through the presentation of films, sponsoring speakers and getting involved with outside organizations. Stephanie Kerr, a former EWU student, officially started the club by approaching Dr. Paul Lindholdt and asking him if he'd like to be its advisor. Lindholdt agreed to the idea and set up a budget for it.

Lindholdt advises the students the club elects to be in charge and organize the events. This year's environmental club president is Neil Beaver. "There are six to eight core members of the group and about thirty people on the e-mail list," said Beaver. "The purpose of the club is to inform and activate the student body on campus," Beaver said. "Our three main focuses are salmon, wilderness issues and the preservation of [area] scablands."

Beaver hopes to draw people from the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) and local farmers. The club wishes to preserve as much of the land as possible by preventing the construction of housing developments, shopping areas and large

parking. A discussion panel is being tentatively planned concerning the scablands in early June.

The films that the club occasionally shows are educational and promote awareness of issues such as saving our environment. "Sentiment without action is the ruin of the soul," said Edward Abbey, an essayist, novelist and environmentalist. Abbey was the subject of the film "A Voice in the Wilderness" that was presented by the club. Another film which the club presented, "WTO Protest," is about the protest of the World Trade Organization (WTO), in Seattle last year.

The club also formed a panel last year to discuss salmon recovery and whether or not the dams should be breached to save them. "The panel included staff members from Slade Gorton's office, Potlatch, the Sierra Club and the Idaho Wildlife Federation," said Lindholdt. About 75 people attended the meeting.

"A lot of dialog on salmon recovery was generated by the panel," he added. As a result of this and other similar events, all of the current presidential nominees released a policy statement on this issue.

The environmental club often works in collaboration with other student organizations such as International Affairs and ASEWU. They have been involved with outside organizations such as the

Sierra Club, the Lands Council and the Kettle Range Conservation Forest. Most of the money that the club receives is donated to these groups, said Beaver. Last year, the club received \$225 in donations for their annual budget. They are hoping for \$450 this year.

The club has also been involved with other events on campus. They are working with Baldy's to try to get them to use reusable or recyclable containers for food instead of the styrofoam receptacles currently in use. By next fall, the Pepsi Company will be supplying the university with paper cups.

The club also sponsored "Escape the Phantasy," which encourage people to turn off their TVs for a week. Beaver blames television for the lack of environmental awareness and activism. "By turning off the TV, hopefully people will think about other things," said Beaver.

One upcoming event presented by the club is the "Get to know your backyard," hiking trip at Malden Creek. The trip is free and anyone interested in attending should meet near Patterson Hall between 9:00 a.m. and 10:00 a.m. Saturday.

Those interested in getting involved with the environmental club, can contact easternenvironmental@hotmail.com. They meet Thursdays in room 323 of the PUB at 1:00 p.m., and all students are welcome to attend.

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Fantasia 2000

Courtney Cobb
Easterner Reporter

Fantasia 2000, the new animated motion picture created by Walt Disney studios, will surprise many audiences across the country. Besides the beautiful images and wonderful music, Fantasia

tions, be amazed by flying whales, laugh at a flamingo who loves to play with a yo-yo, and cry at the beauty of mother-nature.

Of course, Fantasia 2000 would not be complete without Mickey Mouse starring in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." This old "classic" still



2000 is full of stars (other than Mickey Mouse, and Donald and Daisy Duck). The guest appearances include Steve Martin, James Earl Jones, Itzhak Perlman, Bette Midler, Quincy Jones, the magicians Penn & Teller and Angela Lansbury. Under the direction of Maestro James Levine, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra performs many classical pieces by some of the world's greatest composers.

Some of the songs included in this masterpiece are the following: Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Shostakovich's Piano Concerto No. 2 and Allegro, Opus 102, Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance, and Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue.

In the true Disney style, this movie is very entertaining and educational at the same time. As many parents in the crowd said, "this is the only way that we can get our children to listen to classical music."

The vivid images on the screen help bring the "classics" alive. Audiences will marvel at new anima-

brings back many memories to the older crowd in the audience and makes the younger crowd laugh.

With witty graphics and stunning animation, this is a film for everyone to enjoy. Though much of the older crowd may speculate that this is only another cartoon created by Disney, they would be shocked to find the educational value of this film. While coming out of the theater, many kids were already asking their parents if they could listen to classical music on the way home.

So far, Fantasia 2000 has made an estimated \$45,795,638 over its release period of 53 weeks at IMAX theatres. When will this movie come to a regular screen? According to Disney sources, there is no date as of yet to tell when it will be released to the regular movie screens across America. There is some speculation that this movie might just release directly to video.

Whether this movie is released on video or on the nearest movie screen, Walt Disney's Fantasia 2000 will take your breath away.

Off campus or on?

Eastern students trade personal space for unsavory roommates

Adrian Workman
Easterner Reporter

Do you think it's better to live in the dorms, or off-campus? I took the liberty of talking to a few students who have enjoyed (or not enjoyed) both situations.

First off, if you live off-campus, you are far from alone. According to a very recent figure from the Department of Housing and Residential Life, only 1,358 students live in dormitories. That's only about 16 percent of Eastern's 8,261 students, if numbers grab you.

Aaron Rietz, a Secondary Education English major used to live in Dressler Hall. He said that while "more expensive than an apartment," he misses the social aspect of dorm life.

"There were chicks everywhere," he said. "You could walk 10 feet away and hang out with people." Rietz also enjoyed having a room right next to the girls' bathroom.

Kristin Lundin lived in Dressler last fall quarter. "That was terrible. It was so loud." She said she regularly slept at her boyfriend's house so she could sleep a full night. "It was either a heater, or noisy jocks. It was a jock floor." She said that there was "yelling, hooting, and loud music." And that was just from the heater. Just kidding.

Rietz loathed the lack of privacy. When he had a roommate, he could not sleep

naked. He was occasionally chided for walking from his room to the shower in his underwear. He didn't dare do the latter activity naked.

Rietz wrinkles up his nose. "The community showers were gross," he said. "The floors were gooey, well, there was like, pubic hair, fungus—imagine 15 people peeing in your shower." Rietz said he urinates in his own shower.

Lundin liked her stay in Morrison Hall the best. Morrison Hall is, of course, a "wellness hall." This means no alcohol, no smoking, and no burning incense. What it meant for Lundin was no rickety heaters, no hooting, and no strange guys watching you sprint into the bathroom (she didn't say the last part).

She roomed with an exchange student, whom she described as very polite, and since she was from a different country, she did not have a whole lot of stuff, which Lundin liked. "They are great people to get to know."

One student who lived in Pierce Hall last year did not have anything to mention about the nicer side of living in the dorms.

For one thing, he and his roommate definitely had some clashes when it came to taste. "He looped this rap song all night, brought this chick in, and just started screwing." Ronnie pretended to sleep.

He doesn't believe the dorms here were even for daily habitation. "They were intended for military veter-

ans," he said, mentioning the influx of GI's to Eastern after the war in Vietnam. "They're not set up to live at, they're set up to sleep in. The rooms are too small."

"It's like being under lockdown," he said. "You're paying for an apartment, but you can't do anything."

Jim Denison said that he never considered dorm life because of the lack of beer vending machines.

The prices at the dorms range from \$3,818 per year for a double occupancy, base meal plan to \$5,567 for a single occupant with a standard meal plan. While some students enjoy the convenience of obtaining food, others enjoy the fact that off-campus life is often cheaper. Most traditional students who live off-campus have at least one roommate, so rent and bills typically don't even come close to the totals of living on-campus.

According to Rietz, the dorms are perfect for incoming freshmen. The camaraderie he enjoyed there has since been unrivaled.

"That's how I met people." He still hangs out with some of the people he met in Dressler. He said that there is definitely more freedom to be had in the off-campus life, but "you have to make more of an effort to make friends."

"You can do whatever you want to do, but basically, if you move off-campus, you are trading the social aspect for personal freedom."

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The ultimate Derby party

Allen Moody
Editor

Despite what the folks at Bloomsday say, the biggest race of the weekend will not be taking place in Spokane. It's billed as "the most exciting two minutes in sports," and it has absolutely nothing to do with the sex life of a former Easterner editor despite several claims to the contrary. It's the Kentucky Derby, and with the possible exception of the Breeder's Cup, it's the biggest day in thoroughbred racing.

According to a USA Today survey the Kentucky Derby ranked second as the best reason to throw a party, trailing only New Year's Eve, so you know it can't be all bad. Here are a few pointers on throwing your own Kentucky Derby party.

Guests: The most important aspect of throwing a Derby party is to invite really cool people, but unfortunately there are only so many Easterner staff members, so you're pretty much on your own here, unless you happen to have some free food and alcohol, in which case you could probably convince a few of us to drop by.

Food: When it comes to party food the rule is; the more, the better. Nothing is worse than running out of food shortly before post time,

so make sure you're well stocked up on munchies. A few staff favorites are Cap'n Crunch, Cheetos, jalapeno pizza, cookies of any kind, peanuts and of course, nachos.

Alcohol: The only thing worse than running out of food at a party is running out of alcohol. There is no excuse for this to happen and you will instantly be branded a complete loser should this happen at your party. For the Derby there are only two drinks you need—beer and Mint Juleps, the official drink of the Kentucky Derby, even though it tastes like bourbon with leaves thrown into the glass. For the bartender-challenged out there, a Mint Julep recipe follows.

The Race: The Kentucky Derby isn't all about eating and drinking, there's six other days this week to worry about that. Derby Day is also about betting, so here's a quick look at some of the entries in the race:

Fusaichi Pegasus: The likely favorite in the Derby and deservedly so. Smashed the field in the Wood Memorial his last race out and will be tough to beat if he runs anywhere near his potential.

The Deputy: A tremen-

dously-talented horse who won the Santa Anita Derby his last start and wouldn't be a surprise to walk away with this one. Also has some sentimental value, as trainer J. Sahadi tries to become the first woman to have a Derby winner.

War Chant: Finished second to The Deputy in the Santa Anita Derby last time out and is throwing on blinkers for this effort. Inexperienced, but certainly can't discount one with so much ability.

Captain Steve: Student Life editor Steve Barry's choice to win the race should be given a look as a legitimate longshot. Is training well and has won at Churchill Downs before, so don't discount his chances.

Hal's Hope: Obviously the sentimental choice of the race, as his 88-year-old owner/trainer Hal Rose has waited all his life to have a Derby contender. Threw in a stinker his last race, and may be overmatched against these.

Globalize: Appears to in over his head, but some sharp horse players like this guy to run a decent race. Has solid connections in jockey Mike Smith and trainer Jerry Hollendorfer. Would pay well if he hits the board.



▲ This is one 'Cigar' the president won't be riding.

Easterner Mint Julep

2 cups sugar
2 cups water
Sprigs of fresh mint
Crushed ice
Kentucky Bourbon

Make a simple syrup by boiling water and sugar together for five minutes. Cool, place in a covered container with six or eight sprigs of fresh mint. Refrigerate overnight. Make one julep at a time by filling glass with crushed ice, adding one tablespoon mint syrup and three ounces Kentucky Bourbon. Stir rapidly with a spoon to frost outside of cup. Garnish with a sprig of fresh mint.

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The Leash, Part 1: Waking up is hard to do

Sir Seth Swift
Easterner Reporter

On Friday, about the time Lane usually got home, Barry called. He was sorry to say he'd have to cancel the cruise they were going to take. The whole business thing. He hoped she understood.

Lane didn't and was hurt and angry, especially because her bags were packed and it was a last minute cancellation, just two days before they were to leave. Even more so, she was angry because she would be spending the only vacation time she had for the rest of the year at the home her parents willed to her in the manicured orderly hell of suburbia. She told Barry that she understood, though.

The two months leading up to that weekend was like a long pilgrimage for Lane to the Mecca of her and Barry's relationship, the pilgrimage she and Barry had to take before the next step in their relationship. She knew this and was ready for that next step, despite the fact that Barry was a little geeky, whiny, sometimes childish, and always laughed too loud. She saw something in him the others couldn't, though she never was able to put it into words. No one else could understand what she saw in him either, but could put *that* into words easily.

However, on Friday, instead of embarking on the next voyage of her life, Lane went out with some friends and got drunk. She did the same on Saturday and the following Sunday. Sunday morning, the day she would have left for a two-week cruise, Lane decided to take a break from her girlfriends and the bars for a night or two. Maybe she'd read a book, but mostly she wanted to recuperate.

Those first few days Lane didn't hear the leash, and if she ever had before it never registered. She was always too busy with work, friends, and partying and such to mark every little noise in her life.

Monday morning Lane turned on the TV, cursing to herself that she should be waking to the smell of the sea by now. She watched a cartoon where the heroes wreaked more havoc than the villains in trying to keep the world safe before flipping to the news to start her day. She was going to enjoy her vacation, cruise, or no cruise. Angry, or just plain drunk.

She poured a bowl of Raisin Bran and listened to the news on both the radio and TV as she ate it. Lane had a slight headache, but nothing a hot shower couldn't appease. She could also wash herself of the morning's news, which reported 12,000 more refugees found in a string of mass graves. The men, women, and children were all buried in nothing but underclothes.

At noon she got in the shower. With the cigarette smell washed from her hair and an added softness to her skin Lane was reinvented for the day. She had an absolute plan for the rest of it. She was going to go into her backyard and tan for a few hours, come back inside and cook herself some dinner, and get dressed to get back on the bars. "To hell with taking it easy tonight," she said as if to reaffirm her plan. She smoked a cigarette after she got out of the shower and poured herself a tall glass of cold water.

When she got on her patio and lay down, Lane heard a jingling sound coming from the yard to her right. She didn't remember ever hearing a dog there before, but rationalized this by thinking of her work schedule. Usually sixty hour weeks, always behind on work, never very excited to be there, but happy to be successful.

She pushed the thought of work out of her mind when she heard the rattling chain sound again. Lane rolled on her stomach and looked at her professional shrubs and gardens, which she had yet to touch except to smell the flowers, before closing her eyes for the next little while to fall in that half doze of the sun on a back. She could hear the leash, just barely but always protruding into her consciousness, and it sounded wrong to her.

"LANE!" The phone had been ringing and, when Lane picked it up, her friend Amy was shouting when Lane answered the phone. There was loud music in the background and many more voices shouting at about the pitch of Amy. "LANE!" the voice said again.

In response to the loud voice of Amy, Lane found herself shouting, "HELLO?"

"LANE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

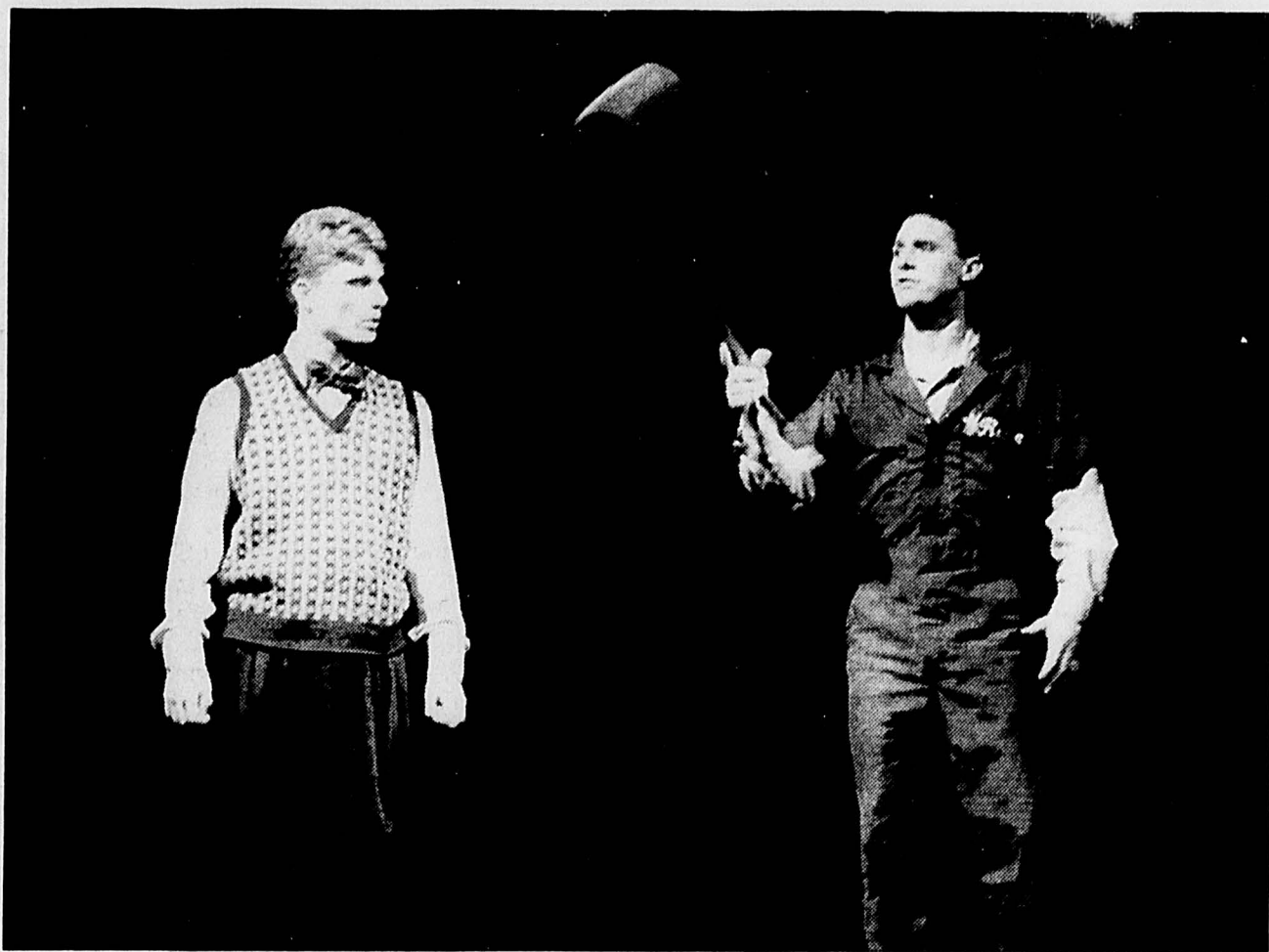
"JUST CLEANING ALL MY DISHES AND SHIT UP. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" *Silly question*, Lane thought to herself before she could finish the sentence.

"GETTING DRUNK AND FAT. YOU WANT TO COME DOWN?"

"Why not. Where are you at?"

"WHAT?"

"I SAID WHERE ARE YOU AT?"



"OH. I'M AT ICHABOD'S DRINKERY. THE ONE JUST OFF THE FREEWAY."

"ALRIGHT. WHO'S ALL THERE?"

"WHAT!"

"NEVERMIND! I'LL BE THERE IN A FEW."

"PARTY PARTY!" Amy yelled and hung up.

Lane walked out to her backyard and picked up the towel and glass of water she had been using earlier. She heard the timid jingling of the leash, and thought she heard a small whimper. *Poor puppy*, she thought. *Poor puppy. I wonder if it knows I'm out here.* She wanted to go and look at it, but had to get ready for the bar.

"Party party," said Amy when Lane walked over to her in the crowded bar. "Lane. This is my friend Robby. I just met him like twelve minutes ago, and he's going home with me." Amy laughed. Lane was a little embarrassed at her friend's brazenness but laughed appreciably. Amy was the only woman she knew who could get away with such things. She shook hands with Robby and remarked to herself that he looked familiar.

"Do I know you from somewhere?" she asked him, her thoughts that were trying to place his face awhirl.

He started. "I wouldn't think so. This is the first time I've ever seen you," he said stressing the last half of the sentence.

"Are you trying to pick up on my date?" said Amy in a mock gruff voice. Then, laughing again, she went on. "Because if you are, we're going to have to take this outside. I'm not afraid to fight you."

Lane laughed and forgot all about Robby, and when she started drinking, she noticed his guarded glances less and less. A few men took her out on the dance floor, but soon Lane and Amy had to get a table because their feet hurt. Men still tried to pick up on them, but Lane and Amy both told the men they were lesbians. Robby loved it.

"Where's everybody else?" Lane asked Amy after about two hours had elapsed from the time she walked in the door.

"I don't know. They were just right here," said Amy, indicating a chair to her right. She laughed and went on, "No. They left a little before you showed up. They wanted to do a little bar and club hopping before they got too drunk, so they should be back any time. Why? Aren't I good enough company for you?" Both ladies laughed, and then Robby was grabbing Amy by the hand and leading her to the dance floor. Lane watched their backs as they went. "Didn't I make myself clear? I'm a lesbian," Amy was telling him as they walked off. Lane laughed.

But left to herself, Lane began to contemplate Robby again. There was something about him that she couldn't place. His thin shoulders. Wide smile. Medium length, fake looking, almost scraggly hair, but scraggly in a nice way. Long tall body. And the overly nice appearance. That was what she wondered about the most. It was so incongruent with the rest of his style. Especially the way he was slack in his speech and body language. *He's the type of person, even if one saw him in the middle of a Times Square crowd on New Years drunk of their ass*, Lane thought, *who is hard to forget.*

Then everyone else showed up and Lane stopped perusing the eerie familiarity of Robby.

"Oh my god!" Lane said to herself first thing in the morning. "Who's been stomping on my head?" She could barely make out scenes of her friends showing up to the bar, and could vaguely remember getting a ride home. She didn't remember ever going to bed, and by the way her mouth tasted, it was probably a good thing.

The phone was ringing. She couldn't find her alarm clock. It was Barry. She wasn't sure if her eyes were open. "Hello Lane," Barry chipped into the phone, sounding all business.

"Not so loud," she said. Her eyes were beginning to focus for the first time that day. "What time is it?" Lane was trying to keep her own voice down, in respect for the shattered shards of glass rolling back and forth in her head like the sea.

"It's about nine. You have a rough night or something?"

"I think so," she said, trying to think of a ballpark figure of how many drinks she'd imbibed. She could remember Robby buying her a large quantity of drinks and dancing with Amy, but that was as far as her count went.

"You don't remember? Well, that doesn't sound very good." The line was uncomfortably silent for almost a full minute. "So why haven't you called?" Now that this can had been opened, the conversation was headed for an ugly turn.

"I don't want to talk about that right now. It's nine in the morning and I need to go back to sleep. My head hurts."

"No. I want to talk about it right now," he said harshly. Then more softly, "We need to talk."

"You should know why," muttered Lane.

"Tell me."

"Obviously, I'm mad at you for canceling our trip just two days before we were gonna leave." She was annoyed by now. "Regardless, I don't want to talk about this right now. My head hurts."

"No. We are going to talk about it right now. I have to tell you something."

"You know what? I don't want to hear it. I'm going to bed." Lane took the phone away from her ear, hearing Barry's high-pitched voice as the phone was laid to rest in its cradle. She was mumbling expletives and getting out of bed to throw up when the phone rang again. Lane ran to the bathroom, more pressing matters than her headache coming up, and heard the rings throughout the whole ordeal. The answering machine picked up on the seventh ring. Seconds after it did the phone began to ring again. Lane stumbled out of the bathroom and checked her caller ID. It was Barry again.

Lane didn't pick the phone up. She turned the ringer off and hobbled back over to her bed bent over at the waist and holding her stomach with one hand and her head with the other.

To be continued...

Eagle track stars Cole and Nielson named Big Sky athletes of the week

Eastern Washington University track and field standouts Julie Nielson and Ryan Cole have been selected as this week's Big Sky Conference "Field" Athletes of the Week after impressive performances last Friday at the Cougar Invitational in Pullman, Wash.

Both juniors, Cole is a 1997 graduate of Ellensburg High School and Nielson graduated in 1996 from Columbia High School in White Salmon, Wash.

Nielson once again broke her own school record in the hammer with a throw of 179-9 to place second in that event last Friday in Pullman. Her mark is one of the best hammer throws in Big Sky Conference history, currently ranking fifth. She has now added nearly 15 feet this season to the school record entering the season of 164-10 set by Leslee Oliver in 1999.

Ryan Cole won the javelin at the Cougar Invitational with a season-best throw of 225-2. He was also victorious at the Whitworth Open the next day with a winning throw of 207-3. Last year, Cole had a career-best throw of 229-5 before winning

the Big Sky javelin title and placing 15th at the NCAA Championships. Cole's mark in Pullman exceeded the NCAA Championships provisional qualifying standard of 220-9. The automatic standard is 236-3.

Nielson also recorded the second-best discus throw in school history in Pullman with an effort of 153-2 to place fourth. The school record is 155-1 set by Nancy Kuiper in 1991. In addition, Nielson had an impressive performance April 21 at the Pelluer Invitational with a meet record, school record and three personal records. She won the hammer with a 172-9 throw that broke her own school record and was a Pelluer Invitational record. She also placed second in the discus with a 145-8 effort and was third in the shot put with a 44-2 3/4 effort that ranks fourth at EWU.

This week the Eagles will compete at the Sacramento State Invitational in Sacramento, Calif., on Friday (May 5), and at the Washington State

University Invitational in Pullman, Wash. on Saturday (May 6).

EWU men's and women's golf teams fare well at tournaments in Utah and California

The women's team placed third at the Mike Farrell Invitational in Utah this weekend, while the men's team placed sixth at the Big Sky Championship in Oxnard, Calif. Kylie Smith and Kyle Kelly led the way for the men's and women's teams; results and scores are as follows:



▲Kylie Smith came in fifth place with a 79-76-155; seven over par. Smith, who is a senior this year, has an average of 79.

Mike Farrell Invitational - Women

Yardage - Par: 5864 - 74

Eastern Finishers

T6 Kylie Smith 79-76-155 +7
T8 Shelly Russell 83-74-167 +9
T11 Jennifer Dolph 81-79-180 +12
18 Shelly Long 81-83-184 +16
DQ Sandy Hughes DQ-91

Team Scores (Score)

1. Brigham Young 614 +22
2. Weber State 630 +38
3. Eastern Washington 636 +44
4. Montana 639 +47
5. Idaho State 654 +82

Top Five Individual Finishers

1. Carrie Summerhays, BYU 73-71-144 -4
2. Jennifer Ruddy, Montana 74-76-150 +2
3. Kristen Olsen, Idaho State 77-74-151 +3
4. Adrienne Gibby, BYU 77-77-154 +6
5. Kylie Smith, EWU 79-76-155 +7
Sally Bingham, Weber State 77-78-155 +7
Tenille Howe, Weber State 81-74-155 +7

Men's Results

Teams Entered - Holes: 6 - 54

Yardage - Par: 6718 - 72

Eastern Finishers

T19 Kyle Kelly 77-74-74-225 +9
T19 Mark Pomeroy 78-74-73-225 +9
T21 Trevor Fox 74-77-75-226 +10
T24 Keith Ross 76-76-75-227 +11
30. Brad Graft 82-74-82-238 +22

Team Scores (Score)

1. Northridge 868 +2
2. Idaho State 873 +9
3. Sacramento State 876 +12
4. Weber State 878 +14
5. Portland State 879 +15
6. Eastern Washington 900 +36

Top Five Individual Finishers

1. Anthony Marciano, CSUM 67-73-73-213 -3
2. Dustin Volk, Weber St. 73-70-72-215 -1
Phillip Cuthbertson, Sac. State 70-71-74-215 -1
4. Paul D'Ambra, CSUN 74-71-71-216 E
5. Preston Hafar, Idaho St. 75-72-70-217 +1

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Eagle javelin star Ryan Cole is throwing the distance

Ian Klei
Easterner Reporter

Have you ever been sitting in your house, maybe taking a nap or watching TV when suddenly you find yourself struggling to keep the pictures from falling off the wall as a passing car rumbles you nearly off your foundation? Well, chances are that if it happens here in Cheney, it may be Ryan Cole in his Neon.

Although he catches a lot of flak from teammates and other people for his ridiculously loud music, it is far from what makes him noteworthy.

As I sat down for an interview with Eastern's Ryan Cole, the first thing I noticed was on his finger: it was one of the biggest rings I had ever seen. This was no ordinary ring, however, it was a Big Sky Conference Champion ring which Ryan received last year when he won the javelin throw at the Conference championships. The ring is a symbol of accomplishments that this standout has had in his career as a javelin thrower.

Ryan came to Eastern from Ellensburg where he excelled in baseball, basketball and football. He was brought up in a baseball player's household with a father who played fast pitch for many years and even has a spot in the Hall of Fame in Seattle.

Naturally, when Ryan got to high school he made his choice to play baseball in the spring. One day the track coach saw Ryan throwing and encouraged him to come out for track and try the javelin. He hesitated at first thinking that his dad would be upset, but with more encouragement and the

support from his father, Ryan joined the track team his junior year.

Aside from throwing the javelin, Ryan also did anything from hurdles to relays and long jump. The next year, as a senior, Ryan started concentrating more on his javelin throwing, and it paid off. That spring he threw well enough to place second at state with a throw of 199'3". He averaged in the 170'-180' range, so his performance at state was a big Personal Record, which is commonly referred to as a PR, for him.

Ryan decided that he would continue his track career in college, but his quest to find the right place to do it at was a tough one. His first decision was to follow his good buddy JaWarren Hooker, a University of Washington football and track standout to UW where they would room together and do football and track together. Those plans fell through however, when they found out that the football program had already lined up a roommate and room for JaWarren. Ryan decided against staying at UW for several reasons, one being that he wanted a school more close to home. He thought about Whitworth, but finally decided on Eastern.

When he first arrived at Eastern, Ryan thought he knew everything about throwing the javelin. Marcia Mecklenburg, Eastern's head women's coach saw Ryan and tried to tell him what he was doing wrong. Ryan, however, did not want to listen and change anything because he was still throwing pretty far. "Once I got my head out of my proverbial butt, I started to listen and found out that she knows a lot about what she is coaching," said Ryan.

As a freshman, Ryan threw

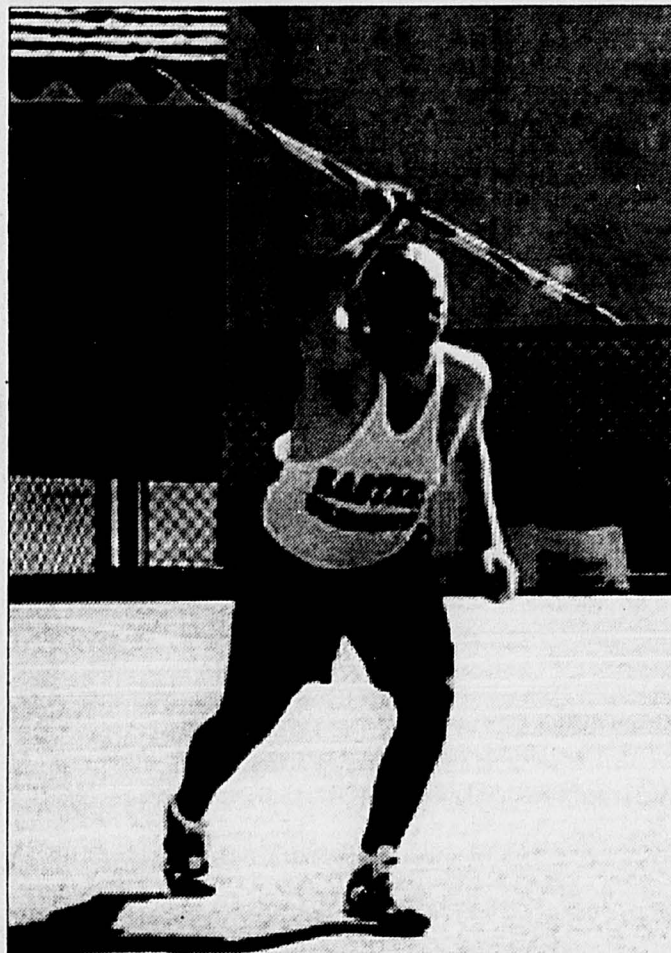
203'10", then improved to 229'3" his sophomore year. So far this year he has thrown 225'2", but is optimistic and says, "I am on my way up, hopefully."

"I threw 235' in practice, in the 230's a couple times, but I can't do it in a meet so it doesn't really count," Ryan said with a smile.

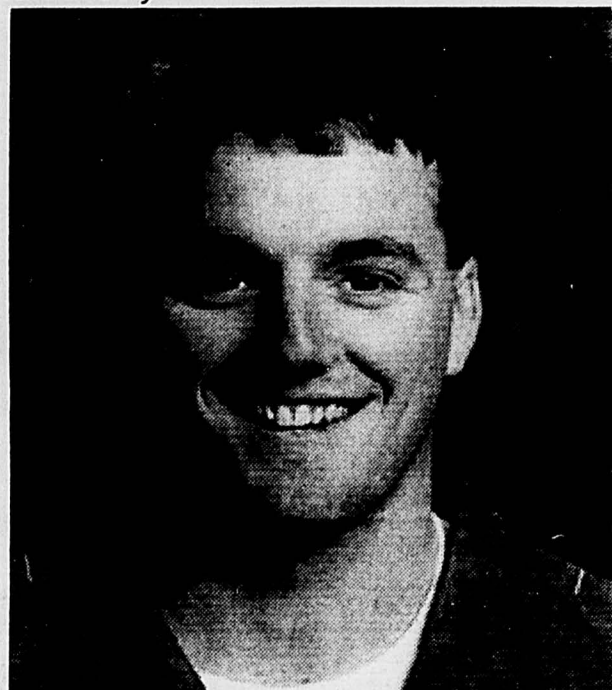
Ryan has set his goals this year to challenge himself to only get better. He plans to win conference again, place higher than his 15th place last year and this year's National meet. He was one spot away from being named an All-American, so he definitely wants to make the improvements needed to be an All-American this year.

One goal Ryan has set and achieved was making it to the Olympic trials in July. "I don't really have any goals because getting there is good enough for me," Ryan said. He would love to make the team, however, and would choose a good throw at the trials over good throws at conference or nationals.

For Ryan, his dad has always been a big influential figure in his life. In high school, his dad lived in Spokane and Ryan lived in Ellensburg, but that didn't stop him from being at nearly every one of Ryan's football and basketball games. Even when the game would be somewhere where he would have to drive for three or four hours and wouldn't get home until 1:00 a.m. or 2:00 a.m., his dad was there, cheering him on. Ryan thanks his dad for being "one of those cornerstones, one of those stable figures that always has been around to watch and cheer me on."



▲ Ryan Cole will compete in Olympic trials in July.



▲ Cole, a junior, began throwing javelin as a junior in high school.

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Amber Johnson: epitome of dedication

John Lichorobiec
Easterner Reporter

This time of year, most of us are thinking about our plans for the summer, or trying to figure out where and when the next big party is going to take place. Amber Johnson doesn't have such luxuries. Things such as Periodontology and Pathophysiology are some of the terms that occupy Johnson's mind on a regular basis.

Such is the life that Johnson chooses to lead while pursuing a degree in the Dental Hygiene program at Eastern. Not only that, but Johnson has been able to maintain a 3.70 g.p.a. while being an integral part of Eastern's Cross Country and Track teams the last four years.

"I believe she embodies what the true student athlete should be," said assistant EWU track coach, Dan Hilton.

Johnson is what one might call a "home-grown" athlete. She's grown-up in Spokane and graduated from North Central High School in 1996 where she competed in basketball, cross country and track.

Competitive running started early on in Johnson's life. She was a part of Lynwood's elementary track team as a first-grader. Johnson has participated in every Bloomsday race dating back to 1983. Her best finish coming last year, placing 10th in the 18-22 year old woman's division.

Johnson says her parents were a big influence in her life. Amber's parents, Tom and Candy Johnson have "definitely gone above and beyond the call of duty in support of me in every aspect of my life," said Johnson.

Johnson's parents have made most every meet she's run. Whether it's near or far, Johnson's parents have driven 24 hours straight to see Amber run. Don't confuse Johnson's parents to be the stereotypical athlete's parents though.

They're very supportive, but not overbearing.

Want to walk a day in Johnson's shoes? You just might change your mind when understand what Johnson undertakes on a daily basis. Her morning starts before the rooster crows, usually between 4 a.m. and 5 a.m. so she can do her morning run, 6-8 miles, rain or shine. Then, it's back home to shower and get ready for classes by 8 a.m. Still want to be in her shoes? Did I mention that when she has her lunch break, she runs during that time too? After classes that run through 5 p.m., it's off to work at Stay-Fit until 9 p.m. Oh yeah, can't forget about homework. That keeps Johnson up until 2 a.m., then the whole process starts all over again.

"Anyone who gets up at 5 a.m. after going to bed at 2 a.m. is pretty dedicated," said Johnson's roommate and best friend, Meagan DeLauder. "There aren't many people as dedicated as her."

Due to Johnson's hectic schedule, she's unable to participate in team workouts, but in spite of that, Johnson's been able to set a personal best of 17:13.40 in the 5,000 meter run during a meet at the University of Washington in April. That mark is third best in EWU track history.



Johnson, who walked on as a freshman, and is now on full-scholarship, is very grateful to the EWU track team. "They've been awesome about my schedule," said Johnson. "I couldn't have done it without them."

Knowing that this is her last year running competitively, Johnson said, "Although I am not able to attend practices, not being on the team is the one thing I'll miss most. But at the same time, I'm looking forward to being on the sidelines to watch our team develop and grow."

What lies ahead for Johnson is the Big Sky Championships in Sacramento, Calif. in two weeks. She's expected to compete in the 10,000 meter run at that event, where she holds the 2nd best time in EWU history at 35:44.38. She'll have to top that mark by over a minute if she hopes to qualify for nationals at the end of May in Durham, NC. If she does, Johnson will win her 2nd Academic All-American award. Her first was in cross country last year.

"She has a very excellent chance of winning the Big Sky in the 10,000 meters," said Hilton. "I've enjoyed coaching her and she's taught me a lot. I'm going to miss her."

Top Times since
January 15, 2000:
Amber Johnson has distinguished herself in several
all-around events.

3rd Place

3rd Place

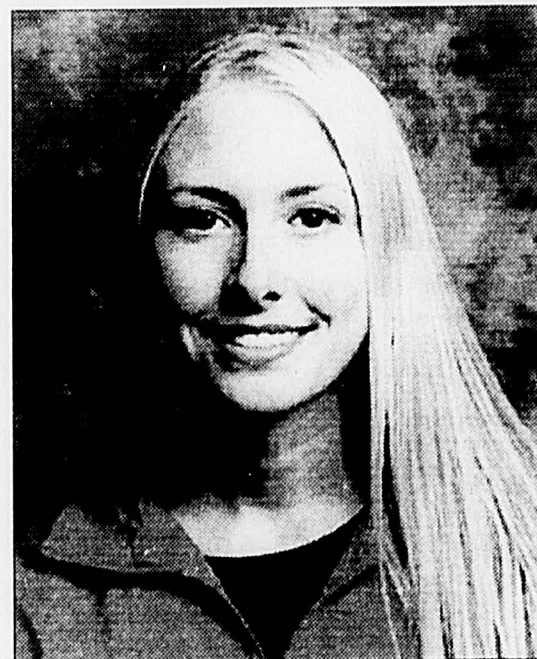
1st Place

3rd Place

1st Place

04/08/2000
18:05:19 F. 5000 M
Run
Univ. of Montana At Missoula
3rd Place


04/15/2000
17:53.40 F 5,000 Meter Run
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"I believe she embodies what the true student athlete should be," assistant track coach Dan Hilton said of Amber Johnson. ►

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